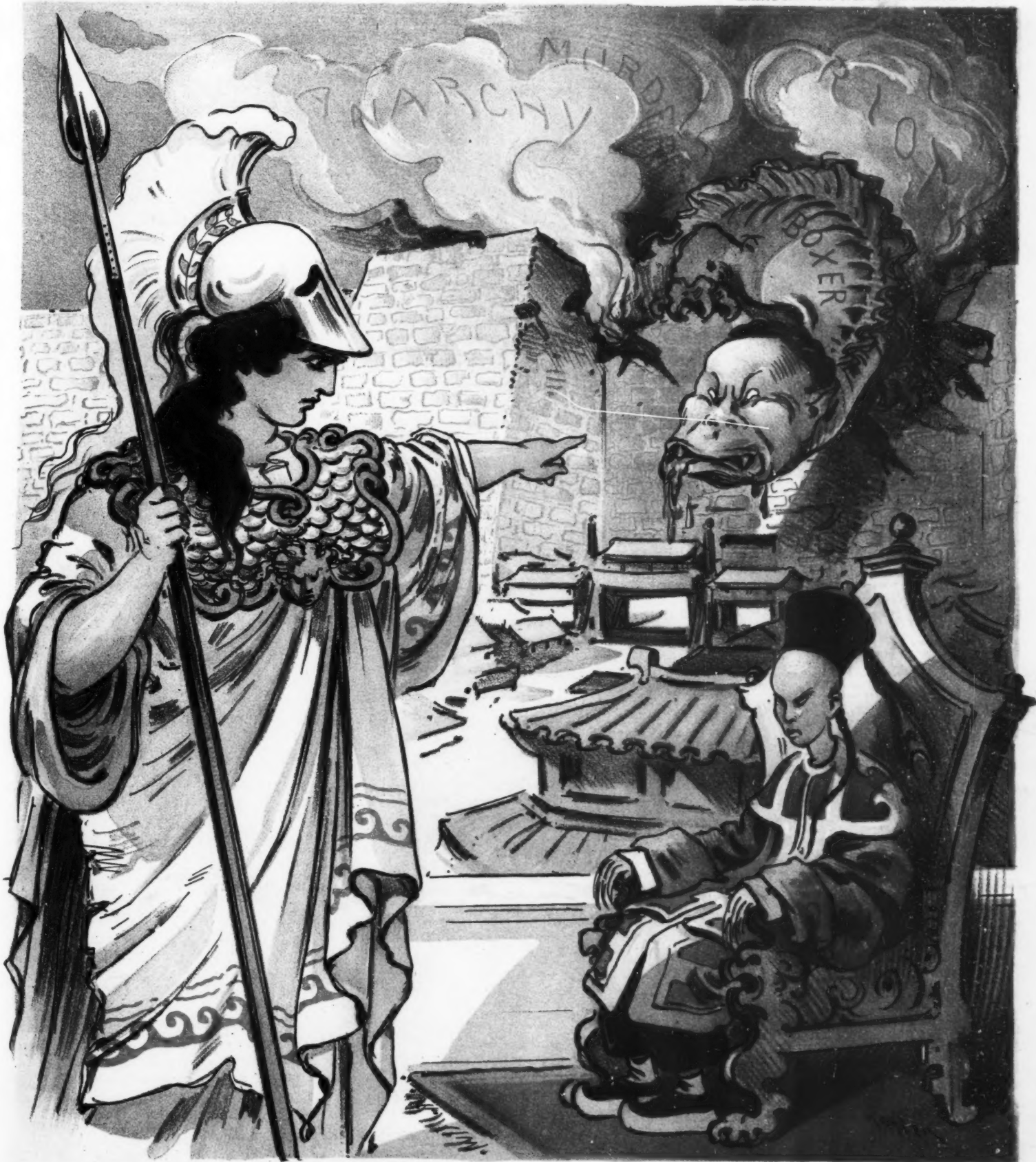




Puck

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THE FIRST DUTY.

CIVILIZATION (to China).—That dragon must be killed before our troubles can be adjusted. If you don't do it I shall have to.



REFLECTIONS WHILE RIDING ON AN END SEAT.

WHEN I entered the car I was the only passenger, and as there were twelve end seats I took one. Did I do wrong? Am I a hog? I also selected a seat in the rear, because I am a smoker.

At the first crossing two ladies entered, and, to my surprise, selected the seats next to mine. As they did not smoke during the ride I am still wondering why they should have ignored all the other empty rows. As they crowded past me, I heard one of them say something about hogs. I began to feel guilty.

Other men entered, and some ladies, and I felt encouraged when I saw that they always took the end seats. Finally there were twelve hogs in the car, each the focus of contempt. Yet I noticed with surprise that when one hog moved out of the end seat, a person who had previously been glaring at him promptly moved to the end. Did he or she then become a hog?

This matter annoys me, and I strive in vain for a solution. When I go to the theatre I always buy an end seat if I can, and no one calls me a hog because I do not give it up to the next person that enters the row. It is admitted that the first person to pay his money has the right to the first choice, but in a street-car it is assumed that the first person to enter the car should take the worst seat. If he does not, he is a hog.

If the first person to enter the row takes the furthest seat, does he not have to shove past all the others in getting out? Or must he keep his seat until all the others get out, no matter where he wants to go? Or should he cultivate the acrobatic habit until he can vault over the intervening heads and land on the street?

Where is the Utopia where the customer tells the grocer to pick him

out the wormy peaches, the insipid melons, the ancient groceries of various kinds, and leave the desirable goods for the late comers? Is that where the ladies do their shopping? When they attend a "reduced sale" do they select the best bargains or the worst?

Why should all the kindness and consideration be expected to be concentrated in a street-car? Why do the ladies insist on sitting in the seats reserved for smokers when there are plenty of other seats where smokers may not sit? Of course they can not be hogs, but what are they?

With these few reflections I managed to ride very comfortably a matter of four miles in an end seat.

The oppression that first bore me down and made me feel like a felon who is in danger of being caught, wore away like a Summer breeze, and left me calm and cool. They may be useful to others who have been made to feel guilty because they did what every other one in the car would do if given a chance.

Sidney.

CIVIC PRIDE.

FIRST TAMMANY MAN.—I met a feller from Philadelphia to-day that says politics there are crookeder than ever.

SECOND TAMMANY MAN.—Oh! of course, everybody blows his own horn!

CHICAGO.

"Ah! what, indeed," exclaimed the philanthropist, sadly, "if Christ were to come to Chicago?"

"We should have a civic parade and an excursion on the Drainage Canal, at least; and perhaps fireworks in the evening!" protested the inhabitant, warmly.

IN THE SOUTH.

FIRST NEGRO.—Dis hyah game ob disfranchising us by constitutional amen'tments ain't no squar deal.

SECOND NEGRO.—Wal, I'd rudder be disfranchised wif a constitutional amen'tment dan wif a shotgun!

DECIDEDLY.

FIRST CITIZEN.—If the bosses would keep their hands off the conventions and let the delegates act for themselves—

SECOND CITIZEN.—Oh! but such a convention would be entirely unconventional.

POSSIBLY.

"I don't think Russia is looking for trouble."

"Perhaps not; but she may be looking for something she can't get without trouble."



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HIS APPREHENSION.

"You are not afraid to go up in it?" asked the inventor of the flying-machine.

"Not a bit!" replied his friend. "What I'm worried about is coming down."



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PUCKOGRAPHS. — LXIV.

THE RICHARD CROKER OF CHINA.

THE CONTENTED COW.

THE placid beeve, to contemplation wed,
Moves lazily along the sunny slope;
Unanchored by a galling chain or rope,
She swings her tail of soft Venetian red
Until she knocks the hungry horse-fly head-
Over-heels, and, unannoyed, proceeds to mope
And munch the mead, or suddenly to lope
Around the green, by fairy fancy fed,
And kick her hinder members high, joy-fraught,
Ne'er fondly recking that within a time,
As brief as that which scoops our seeds and scoots,
Her lotus dream will crumble into naught,
E'en while her shell shall rise to heights sublime,
In stews, roasts, buttons, gelatine and boots.

R. K. Munkittrick.



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THE DIFFERENCE.

"Some newspapers," said the man who can always see philosophy through the bottom of a glass, "are read —"
"And others," interrupted the man who seems to grow more irritable as the number of rounds increases, "are merely yellow."

ANTICIPATED.

PROSPECTIVE TENANT.— There is n't room in these flats to —
JANITOR.— All tenants have access to the basement, where the largest cats can be swung with ease.

A PAINFUL COMPARISON.

"There is hack work and hack work," said the struggling writer.
"Think what I get for mine — and what the hackman gets for his!" he added, bitterly.

HE REFLECTS.

"Destiny," said the pen-
sive boarder, "is like a
chicken — it is n't every-
body who can carve it to
his entire satisfaction."

GENERALLY THE CASE.

LITTLE ELMER.— Papa,
what is a pessimist?
PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.
— A pessimist, my son, is a
man who does n't care what
happens so long as it does n't
happen to him.



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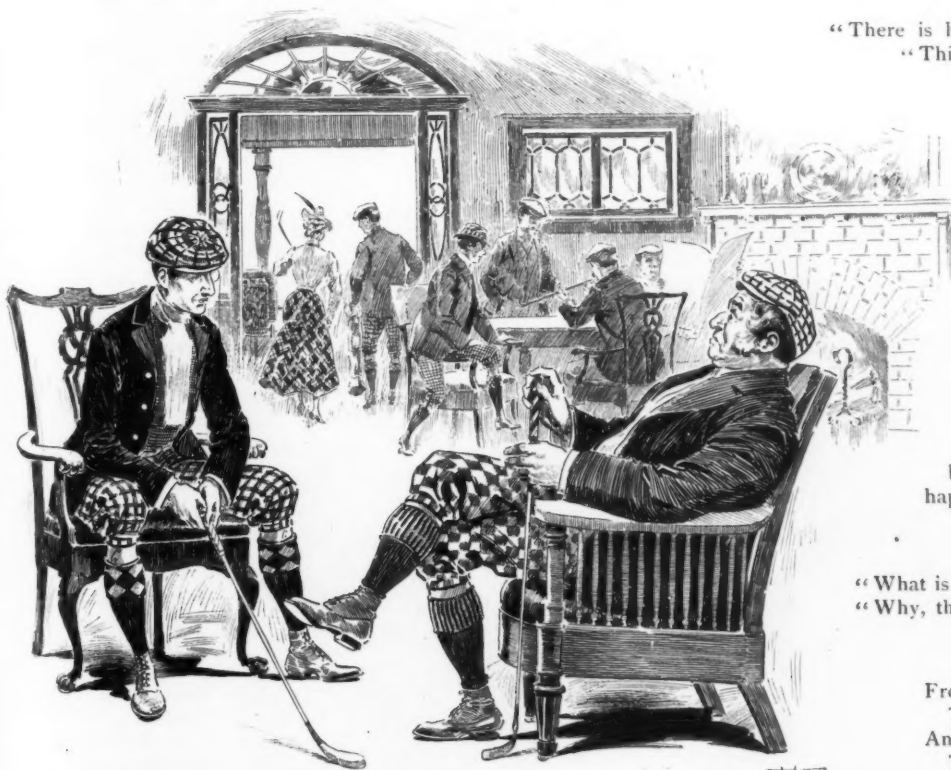
"COUNTRY CUSSIN'S."

IN 1920.

"What is the trouble in the Needle's Eye Memorial Church?"
"Why, the pastor is being tried for orthodoxy."

ANTICIPATION.

From To-morrow much sorrow we borrow
To add to our store of To-day;
And belief in our grief is the e'er-constant thief
That steals all our comfort away.



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PERCY'S IDEA.

MR. COMMONSTALK.— You have no idea what hard work I had getting my first thousand dollars!
PERCY GOTROX.— Oh! I'll wager I had the very same deuced experience, meself! Your dad swore you wanted it to blow in on an actress or something! Eh? old chap, eh?

TOO MANY men seem to have the idea that sticking out their chests makes them important.

THERE IS nothing new under the sun — not even the hide-bound con-
servative who opposes everything new.

WHAT THREE MILLION DOLLARS MEANS.

THREE MILLION dollars means the saving of \$50,000 a year for 60 years which to the average wage earner would necessitate swearing off smoking and the joining of a non-treating club. The combined salaries of the Presidents of the United States from the beginning of George Washington's first term until the present year amount to only \$3,350,000, coffee money being of course excluded.

To accumulate \$3,000,000 in 33 years a man would have to save \$90,908 annually over and above all expenses. This means a net saving of \$249.06 a day, \$10.38 an hour, or more than 18 cents a minute. To accumulate \$3,000,000 in 33 months a man would have to get a contract to supply armor plate to the government. To accumulate \$3,000,000 in 33 days a man would have to get into the Cuban postal service.

Three million dollars will buy 30,000,000 copies of PUCK. Each copy is fourteen and one eighth inches long. Placed end to end, these copies would extend 299,979,968 feet and 4 inches, or 69,443 miles; about three times the distance covered by the Filipino army during the past eighteen months.

Three million dollars will buy 30,000,000 pint bottles of beer. If these bottles were placed end to end, they would reach 30,000,000 feet, or 5680 miles, and some men would walk to the end of the line for a couple of bottles. They would load 2,000 freight cars, and about 67,000 socialists.

To a man whose salary is \$25 a week, not docked for Sundays, \$3,000,000 would mean labor for 60,000 weeks, or 1,153 years. At this rate, the late Mr. Methuselah would have earned only \$2,249,001.64 from the age of six up to the time of his sudden taking-off.

Carefully and judiciously expended, \$3,000,000 would take a comic opera aggregation from Broadway and Forty-second street to South Knob, Ind. Thirty cents would suffice to take the same aggregation from South Knob, Ind., to Broadway and Forty-second street.

Three million dollars will buy 92,000,000 campaign cigars. If William J. Bryan should start to hand out these cigars in Prosperity, Pa., he could give 2,650,000 of them to each straight, Chicago platform, Democratic voter.

Three million dollars would pay the salaries of three Congressmen for 200 years. Three million dollars would pay the earnings of three Congressmen for 9,000 years and 8 months.

Three million dollars will hire a cab at the Paris Exposition for an entire day, unless the driver gets an idea that you have more than that with you.

At Kansas City, during convention times, \$3,000,000 would rent a hall bedroom for two and two thirds weeks.

Six million people could attend the circus for \$3,000,000, this estimate not including boys or Baptist ministers.

Three million dollars will buy a seat in the United States Senate; f. o. b., owner's risk, as they say in Montana.

Three million dollars would hire 230,768 soldiers for one month, at \$13 a month.

St. Louis papers please copy.

W. S. Adkins.



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HIS VIEW.

"I dunno why some folks is so fond of dogs. De only good t'ing I ever see about a dog is a chain!"

THE STATUS.

"I suppose," said the interested visitor affably, to the local politician, "this special election will have only a local importance."

"Well, it's this way," said the local politician. "If we lose, it will be of no consequence; but if we win, it will have a deep political significance. If we win, the cry will be, 'As goes Squeedunk, so goes the Union!'"

HIS OPINION.

"No," said Satan, in reply to an inquiry; "I don't number the Reverend Dr. Courtly among my most bitter foes. In fact, at times, the eloquent gentleman seems to be almost non-partisan."

THE OPEN DOOR, like charity, should begin at home.

AT THE Pretoria race-track French's horse was a strong favorite.

HOW WE would abuse any administration that would try to prevent us from abusing it!

IF ALL the reformers wanted the same kind of reform they would get it at the next election.



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HOW SHE USED IT.

MISTRESS.—Norah, have you ever had any experience in using a chafing-dish?

NEW COOK.—Only wanst, Ma'am!—phwin Oi smashed a frish oiceman over th' head wid wan!



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AN APPROPRIATE COURSE.

"Don't you like her hat?"
"Well, I did want Mama to get a more 'sensitive one and have the bill sent to Papa."

THE LUNATIC.



PRECISELY what the trouble was eluded them at first. His costume was conventional; he seemed to be well-versed In all the topics of the day, and in didactic speech Announced his views as tho' he were the stonelet of the beach.

In base-ball and in hand-ball and in foot-ball and croquet He pointed out just what was what in no uncertain way. For following the hounds he laid great stress on proper togs; With eloquence dilated on the breeds of fancy dogs.

Bicycling and lawn tennis and the roped arena's lore Came tripping from his tongue until his tongue would wag no more; But when it came to yachting and to rowing and to polo, He bobbed up quite serenely and resumed at once his solo.

But as they listened, breathless, for the climax — quick it came! He 'd never heard of Vardon and he quite despised the game!

M. W. Pool.

SQUEALED.

TEACHER.—Why was n't George Washington punished when he acknowledged cutting the cherry tree?

PUPIL (*disdainfully*).—Why, people dat turn States everdence is never soaked!

THE NEXT STEP.

"You treated the charges with silent contempt?" asked his guide, philosopher and friend.

"I did," replied the accused official.

"And then with haughty indifference?"

"Oh, yes!"

"After which you laughed them to scorn?"

"Exactly."

"And finally repelled them with indignation?"

"Just so. What shall I do next?"

"H'm! Perhaps you 'd better see a criminal lawyer."

WITHIN THE REACH OF THE MASSES.

"Hypnotism is a wonderful thing, is n't it?"

"It used to be; but I understand you can get a book now for a dollar which teaches forty methods."

A LARGE YARN.

"Yep!" said the voracious Kansan, from whom the inquisitively-inclined tourist from New England was trying to corkscrew a characteristic story. "It was kinder funny, come to think about it. You see, the cow was picketed out with a ninety-foot lariat, and the wind ketched her and whooped her up in the air plumb the whole length of the rope, and held her there till the storm was over. And then she climbed down safe and sound to the ground. Aw, the wind cuts up some mighty queer capers here sometimes, lemme tell you, Stranger!"

A SHINING BAIT.

WARWICK.—Now, there's Wilkins. He got his wife by advertising.

WICKWIRE.—What! For a wife?

WARWICK.—No; advertising money to loan.

THERE'S THE RUB.

It would be a simple matter to be a moderate drinker, if it were not so much harder to refuse the second drink than the first one.



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OUR NATURAL HISTORY.

THE "HOOT-MON GOOSE."

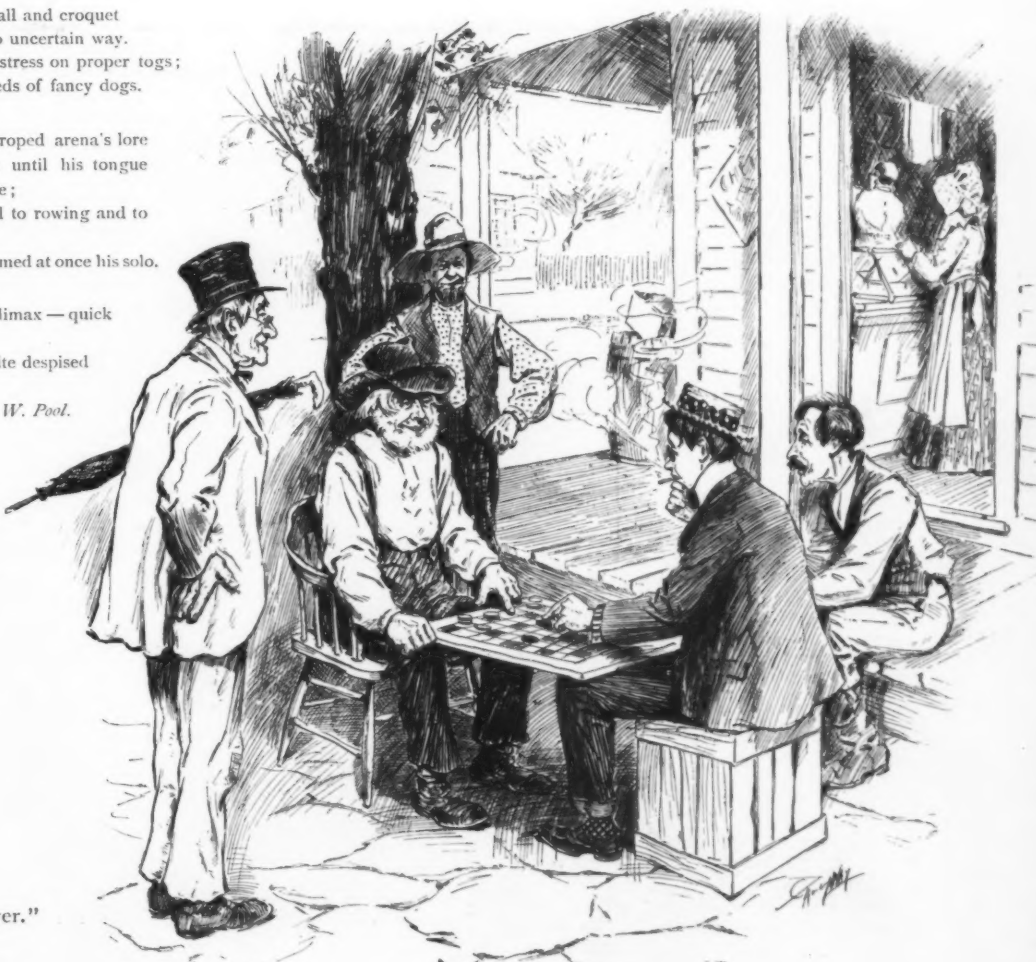
THE CHIEF SUFFERER.

ABNER.—Sile and Andy had a fight last evenin' down in Binks's store. The boys fit fer over two minutes, knocking one another right and left.

REUBEN.—Who hollered "Enough?"

ABNER.—Binks did.

AFTER ALL, if there were no corruption, we would have little or nothing to denounce.



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NO CHANGE.

FIRST BYSTANDER.—The young feller ain't got much chance now.

SECOND BYSTANDER.—No; not a bit more 'n he had afore he begun.

THE NATURALIST.

I.
Wish I wuz a little frog
'Way down in the medder bog.
Dozin' all day in the sun;
Bet I 'd hev no end o' fun —
No?

II.
Wish I wuz a treetud, then,
Down on Lizzard Crick ergen,
Squattin' on a chestnut stump,
Lookin' 'crost ter Gungawump —
No?

III.
Bet I 'd like ter be a cat,
Snoozin' all day on the mat;
Or a dorg or horse or cow,
Or a somethin', anyhow —
No-o?

IV.
Like ter be a lazy cuss,
'Thout no dressin'-up nur fuss;
Good fur nuthin' hengin' roun',
Jes' a-holdin' somethin' down —
'N' guess I be!

Joe Cone.

AN IMPLIED THREAT.

"A persistent idiot, from whom, during a season of mental aberration, we accepted a poem," said the able editor of the *Pettyville Plain-dealer*, addressing his friend, the editor, also able, of the *Allegash Agitator*, who had dropped in for a chat on matters journalistic, "keeps bombarding us with sarcastic inquiries as to whether we contemplate publishing his effusion during his lifetime!"

"Well, do you?"

"Not if we can — by gosh! — catch him first!"



"THE SON DO MOVE!"

HIS EXPERIENCE.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I believe in listening to both sides of every question.

SECOND CITIZEN.—You're quite right. Even if you did n't want to hear the other side some crank would be pretty sure to come along and make you.

BILLS.

"Dear me!" said I. "In our country it is customary to tell the children that the doctor brought the new baby."

"Well, my bill is not so small!" observed the Stork, modestly, yet with dignity.

It often happens, thus, that seemingly diverse traditions have a certain basic community.

SPIRITS AND SPIRITS.

"There is too little of the spirit of '76 among you!" we exclaimed, with severity.

"Yes, suh," said this colonel of Kentucky. "But fuhst-class '85 goods ain't so bad, suh! No, suh!"

It was the cheap whiskey of very recent manufacture, in fact, which played the mischief.

RUMOR.

We observed that Dame Rumor seemed rather queer.

"I'm only a little tip, see?" said the old lady, jocosely.

THERE ARE a few remarkable individuals who do not feel that Nature intended them for a more important job than any they have been able to get.



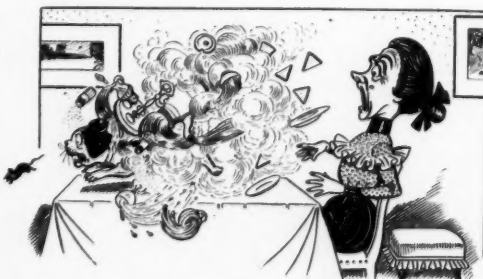
MISS OLEMADE.—O-o-o-o-w! There 's that audacious mouse again! I 'll fix him to-morrow, though!



"That 's it, Tabby! Hide behind me, and when you see that impudent mouse on the table go for him right over my shoulder."



"I hear him coming! Now, ready! One—two—



"Three!"



TABBY.—Oh! it 's all right for you to wrap me up in olive oil and medicated cotton, but when persons run a poor cat into an ambush of scalding hot tea, mustard, vinegar and pepper, I'm done with them, I am!



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HIS FULL NAME

CENSUS MAN.—What is your husband's full name?

MRS. GROGAN.—Shure, whin he 's full he thinks ut 's Jim Jeffries 'til he gits home!

IT MAY not be strictly accurate to say that we enjoy self-government; but we have it, and if we don't enjoy it, we should improve it sufficiently to make it enjoyable.

THE WISE saw cuts no ice with some people.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE less patience a man has, the more easily he loses it.

WHEN WE see pictures of the dinky desks at which women have written truly great books, we are filled with awe.



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, August 8, 1900.—No. 1222.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

TRUSTS DOOMED. IF TRUSTS can be platformed to death the friends of the Octopus would do well to gather at its bedside. Its last days are speeding. Republican or Democratic, the victory in November will sound its knell. The Republicans are grimly set in the determination to execute it. Magnificently unselfish are they, too, for it is known that the Republican leaders in many instances draw large revenues from Trusts. But what is private gain to principle,—in a platform? And not less unselfish are the Democratic leaders who will also cut the bottoms out of their own pockets when they abolish the Trusts. But when have these leaders failed to stand boldly for the interests of the plain people? Scan their platforms from the beginning for any sentiment inimical to the toiling, voting masses. If the Octopus can take words for deeds it might as well die now. All but the Labor Octopus. Sons of toil like Mr. Hanna and Mr. Croker perceive that this one must be let to live, that it must batten, indeed, upon the grilled bones of the lesser octopii. The latter may not control the prices of their commodities, even by peaceful purchase. The former may control the price of its product by armed warfare, and the Governors of the land shall pass bouquets to them as they burn and kill. Truly, if politicians' promises are worthy of confidence, the Labor Trust will have the only salable stock on the market by another year.

A DIRTY FASHION. THE PHYSICIANS of Europe have banded together in war against the trailing skirt. It may not mean much, for feminine fashion withstands any combination of forces whatsoever as long as it chooses, and it has never chosen to discard any fashion for mere considerations of health. Rather than be false to its ideal of beauty it will suffer the tortures of the rack. The only hope lies in the fact that its ideal is mutable, and that it does occasionally adapt itself to hygiene. During the recent scientific Congress held in Rome, Dr. Casagrandi induced a number of women to wear trailing skirts through the streets an hour for him. At the end of the hour the Doctor demonstrated by microscopic tests that the germs of influenza, consumption and typhoid fever are the least of the evils which mothers bring home to their defenceless children on their skirts. This is all very well, but it will not suffice. It may be taken as an axiom that nothing unhygienic can be beautiful, and woman must be convinced that a skirt sweeping the street is not beautiful; and, further, that a skirt that does not sweep the street *is* beautiful. This will be no easy task, but it can be done in time. Meanwhile, to promote the good end, PUCK suggests the adoption of a new simile to those whose trade it is to mark up clean paper, namely: "As filthy as the bottom of a woman's street dress."

SUMMER "DON'TS." A PECULIARITY about directions for mitigating the rigors of Summer is that they are composed of 99% of "Don'ts" and 1% of "Do." If they are reliable there is little that one may do in Summer, but more than a plenty that one may not do. Occasionally, however, we come across a two-sided hint which is, in consequence, of some use to the ordinary chucklehead. Thus, we read in the admirable Philadelphia *Ledger* that "Much of the exhaustion which is so manifest in hot weather is due to want of sleep." One might have expected this discovery to be made in Philadelphia, and the remedy which the *Ledger* bestows upon the outside world has doubtless been thoroughly tested there. "On very hot nights," says the *Ledger*, "many persons find it impossible to secure a sufficient amount of sleep, and, when they have no chance to sleep during the day, their vitality gives out." The remedy, therefore, is to sleep during the day. Whether it will be tried outside of Philadelphia is questionable, so different are the customs elsewhere. PUCK's own Summer directions are, perhaps, easier to follow. It is well known, of course, that every one on hot days drinks all the iced liquids his stomach will hold. It is also well known that most Summer "Don'ts" put out by physicians

in the daily press condemn this indulgence. It is, indeed, the gist of their warning—to beware of cold drinks. Of course, no one pays any attention to it. We are all bound to drink long, cold drinks. But additional stimulus and nourishment may be derived from them by keeping the warning in mind. Cut two or three of the lists out of your paper and commit them to memory. Merely recalling them induces a thirst. To satisfy this thirst is a pleasure. To satisfy it while remembering the warning,—to feel the arctic cold, to mark the tallness of the glass, to hear the syncopated tinkle of the ice, at bar or soda-fountain, while the stern behest of the Summer "Don'ts" rings in your ears,—"*Never take more than a few sips of tepid water in which a little oatmeal has been soaked*"—this is not only pleasure but a pleasure that is more than fleshly. It is worth sitting up all day for, even in Philadelphia. As we must and shall drink, let us drink wickedly, knowing that we do wrong. Let us brazenly drain the dregs of our ice-cream soda, and tell the man to fill 'em up again. Drinking from sheer animal thirst may be gross. But drinking in conscious defiance of "A Well-known Physician of Wide Experience" is noble and refined and cooling.

SUNDAY LABOR. THE SUBTLETIES of the law do not always attain sufficient objectivity to engage the lay mind. A case in Buffalo, however, promises to be generally fascinating both for its own sake and because of the possibilities it suggests. Among the latter, it may have to be decided, for example, if clergymen shall be imprisoned for laboring at their profession on the Sabbath, and if Church Trustees may be imprisoned for requiring such labor. The question is now up in Buffalo. The organist of the Lenwood Avenue Methodist Church in that city recently resigned and brought suit against the church for certain arrears of salary. Defendant, in replying to the suit, resists payment on the ground that plaintiff performed the service on Sundays, and that Sunday labor is contrary to law. There seems to be some sort of conflict here between the Sermon on the Mount and the Revised Statutes of the State of New York. Yet we do not pretend that the right of it is easily perceived. We prefer to await the arguments of the learned counsellors and the decision of a wise Judge.

GENERAL NEED OF LITTLE LEAD PELLETS.

"They are beginning to call China the 'Sick Man' now," remarked the Grand Vizier.

"Humph!" replied the Sultan. "I don't believe I recollect a time when there was so much sickness in the world as there has been lately."

BY JURY.

"The Tammany men," said the member of the organization, "are tried Democrats."

"Some," admitted the anti-Tammany man; "and some ought to be."

EXPLAINED.

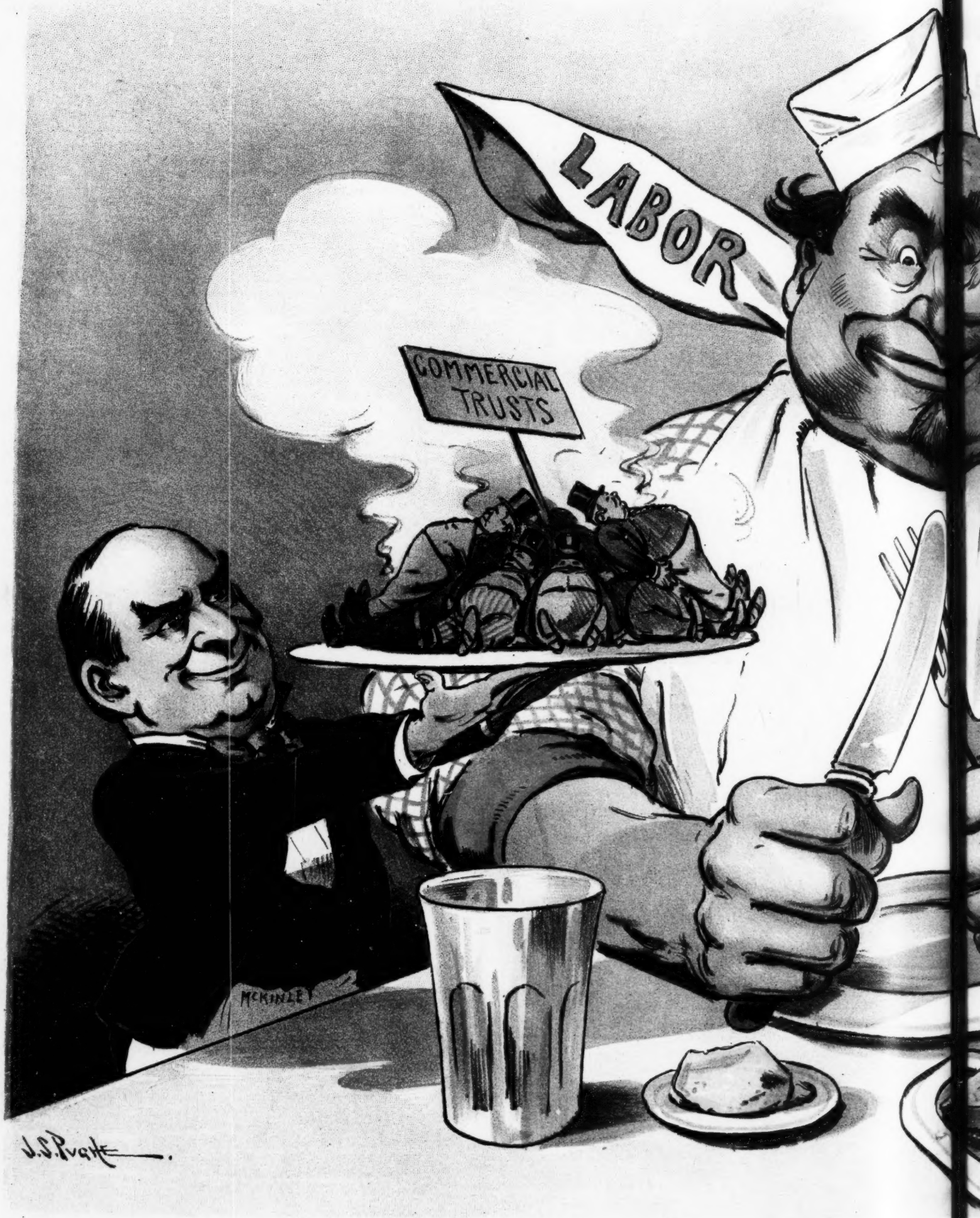
The bathing girl's a sparkling maid,
And plain the reason why:
Just watch her promenade the beach—
You'll find she's "Extra Dry!"



A GOOD REASON.

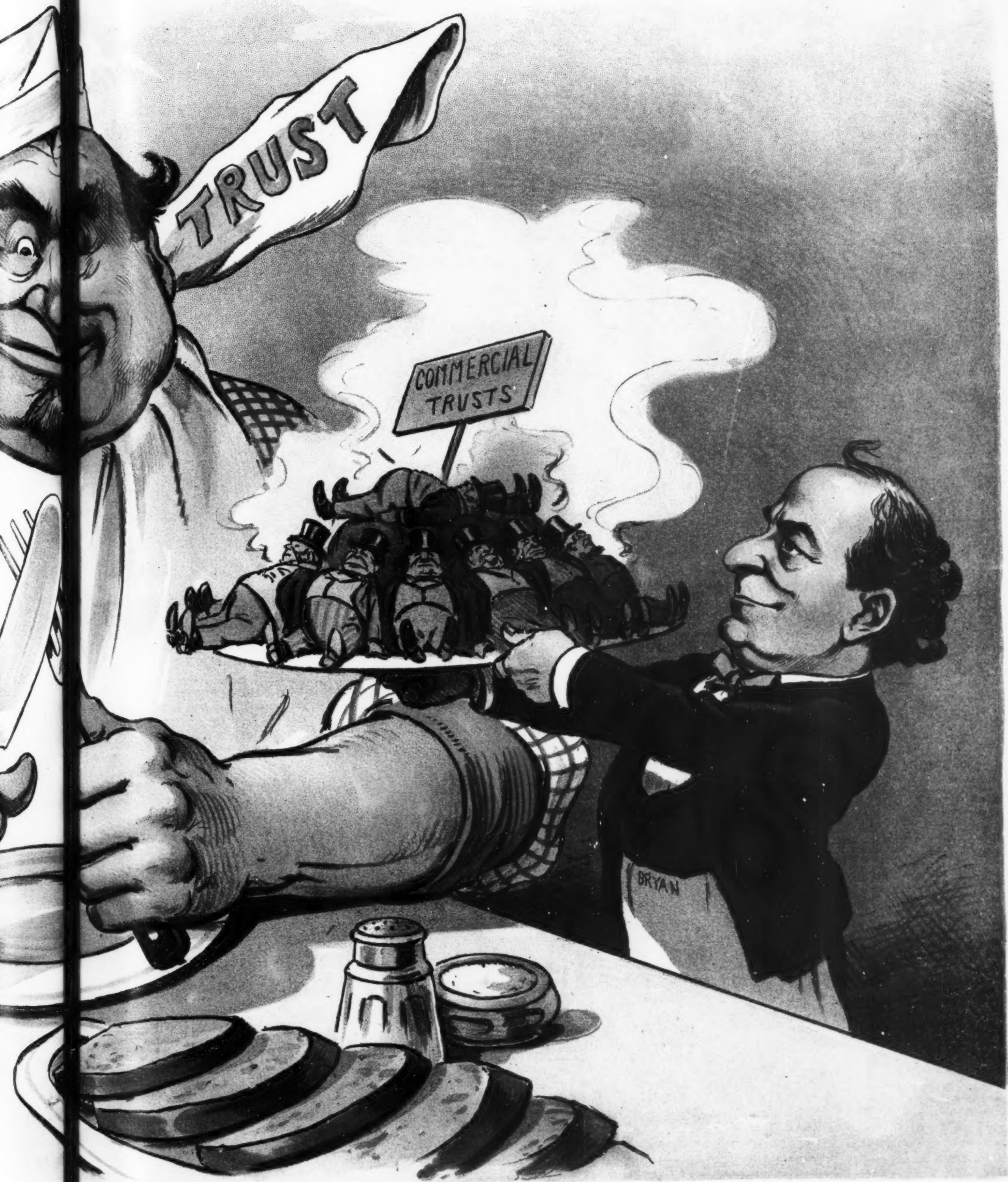
THE CROW.—Do you never drink coffee?

THE OWL.—No; I'm afraid of it—it keeps me awake all day!



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THE PRO
ED
BOTH CANDIDATES PROMISE TO SERV



JOTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE PROPOSED FEAST.
WISDOM TO SERVE THE LITTLE TRUSTS TO THE BIG ONE.



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A CRITICISM.

FAIR BATHER.—Mrs. Weeds dresses that daughter of her's outrageously! She is seventeen if she is a day, and just see what short skirts she has on!
SECOND FAIR BATHER.—Outrageous!

HIS SENTIMENTS.



SEE, BY the newspapers," sarcastically said the Old Codger, "that the Gov't is trying to extract from Turkey the sum of \$8,000, or \$80,000, or \$800,000—I forget which—damage money, on account of the slaughter of a parcel of missionaries by the Kurds, or Wheys, or some such interesting citizens of the Ottoman Empire; and that the Sultan, prompted by the subtle craftiness which is the heirloom of the Children of Darkness, who are Scripturally acknowledged to be wiser than the Children of Light, keeps regularly promising to make it all right and just as regularly don't do anything of the kind; diplomatically alleging, amongst other things, that no missionaries were killed, that his subjects did n't kill 'em, that they had a right and deserved to be killed; also, that they were n't American missionaries, anyhow, and therefore he don't owe the United States anything: but he 'll pay the debt just as soon as the account can be audited by the proper department; and, meanwhile, he considers that our gov't is acting very unprettily in threatening him with warships, when the money is just as good as in our hands, right now—only, I may say, it ain't, for the aforesaid Sultan is as crafty as a steeltrap and as stingy as stone soup, and never gives up anything he don't have to.

"I believe, in common with almost everybody else, but for a different reason than the one most of 'em give, that the Sultan should be made to cough up, or have the desired amount taken out of his dilatory hide; but I am honest enough to confess that I think it ought to be so simply because we are us, U. S., and the Whole Thing, and whatever we say is, or we are abundantly able to make it so; and not particularly on account of the missionaries, themselves—for I hold that Uncle Sam is putting a somewhat too high valuation on his missionaries, as missionaries usually go.

"I believe that spreading the gospel is the noblest work possible for a person to engage in, but I modify my belief with the opinion that it is not in the best of taste to attempt to proselyte people who are not yet ripe, who are wedded to their idols, as the feller said, and resent the invasion of their sanctuaries and truculent attempts to overset their faiths, in just about the same manner, modified, of course, by the influence of their raisings and preferences, that we would if the Sun Worshipers or Voodooists were to invade our midst and set about converting us whether or no; and, furthermore, I contend that a considerable smattering of missionaries possess a good deal more zeal than sense. We occasionally lynch, tar-and-feather, or otherwise maltreat the Mormons, or some such folks, and justify ourselves by thinking that our victims got only what they were hunting for—they well knew our antagonism, and if they were n't willing

to risk the consequences they should have staid where they belonged and were appreciated.

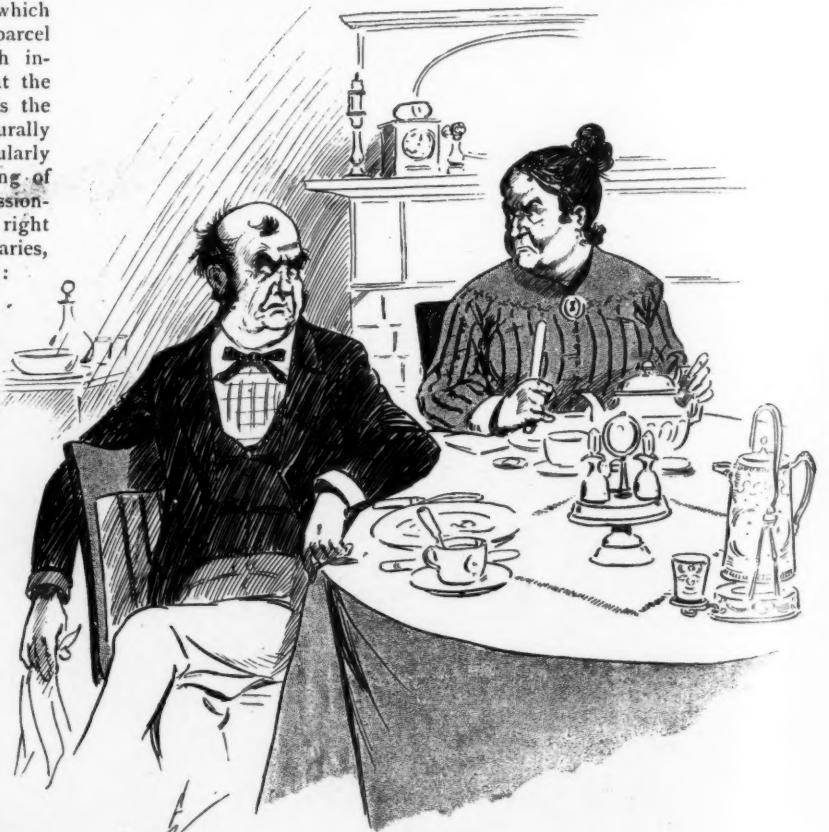
"The missionaries are right, but the heathen, the Confucian, the Mohammedan, and so forth, don't know it, and 'pear to be at present comfortable in their benighted and undone condition, and not to any appreciable extent ready for a change. Daniel—or, may be it was philosophical old Noah—Webster, or somebody else, once wrote in a copy-book that the man who is convinced against his will is of the same opinion still; and when he is an idolator or a Mus-sulman with a sharp-pointed stabber or a keen-edged sword, a good stiff backing, and a tenacity to his faith which almost makes our own look sick, it is just as well to let him alone till he begins to discover that his religion is full of great holes; and then, when his eyes commence to open and he starts in to clawing around for something substantial to pin his faith to, it is time for us to go forward and show him the blessed joy of the only true gospel. In the meantime, he strikes me as a thundering fine person to let severely alone.

"If I turn to and stick my fool head into a lion's mouth and get the same conclusively bitten off at the neck, everybody who stood by says I ought to have known enough to keep out of the business. If the missionary will insist, egged on by a burning desire to show off, on going where there don't seem to be the slightest clamor for his presence and there is not a single benighted wretch sticking his head out of the window and yelling for ecclesiastical assistance, I am mean enough to feel that he ought to take his medicine as it is given to him and smile just the same as if he liked it.

"Charity begins at home, but should not on that account end there; but I contend that the thousands of dollars annually spent in sending missionaries to various peoples who do not exhibit the slightest symptoms of wanting them, would be just as well, if not a whole lot better, applied if used in providing little luxuries for poor consumptives in the hot, reeking tenements of the cities, or in giving poor young girls a chance to live honestly, or in sending the peaked and skinny children of the poverty-throttled under-crust to the shell-strewn seashore or the green, flower-smelling country; meanwhile waiting patiently till the heathen begins to kind of feel his need of us, and then giving it to him hot and heavy.

"I may be wrong, but them's my sentiments!"

Tom P. Morgan.



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HIS STATUS.

MRS. HORNBEAK.—Neighbor Picksmith seems to be a good deal of a meddler, don't he?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Oh, yes! He can't any more keep out of other people's business than a feller can keep his tongue out of the place where he has just had a tooth pulled!

THE SPRINKLIN'-CART MAN.



AY! don't I wisht I was the man
That drives the sprinklin' cart!
He keeps it jes' so spick an' span,
He mus' be awful smart.
He rides all day, an' takes his time,
An' sees — Oh! ev'rything!
I want to be like him, less I'm
A brakeman or a king.

An' he don't get a speck o' dus' —
Not on a single dud!
He sprinkles all he sees — he mus' —
An' turns it into mud.
But he 's not muddy — he 's up high;
Above it all, you know.
I guess he 's tickled drivin' by
The folks 'way down below.

He sprinkles in the park, or p'r'aps
Jes' here along the street,
An' don't watch out for any chaps,
An' sometimes sops their feet!
An' when he 's gone about a mile,
An' needs more water, then
He talks to a po-lice-man while
He squirts up full again.

An' onct when Ma she was n't there
You ought to seen me run
An' give the sprinklin' man a dare
To sprinkle me, for fun.



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THE SAGACIOUS SQUIRREL.

"Ain't he cute to put away all those nuts for the
Winter? He 's so smart, it 's a wonder he don't learn
to use a nut-cracker instead of his teeth!"

second microbe, "we had a pull with some of those learned men. In
that case some of these investigations might result in a whitewash."

AN EVIDENCE.

HE.—Did it ever occur to you that I might be in love with you?

SHE.—Oh! yes. Why, have n't you ever seen me laughing to
myself?

IN THE long run
selfishness is more
likely to get what it
deserves than what it
wants.

EVEN AFTER a man
has made a
name for himself a
good many people
suspect it is an
"alias."

AN ACTIVE desire
to accumulate
wealth seldom con-
duces to a nice dis-
crimination between
right and wrong.

THERE IS a wide-
spread impres-
sion that the Chicago
census taker is re-
quired to be quick
and inaccurate at
figures.

That 's what I mean to do,
you bet!

When I 'm as big as he —
To drive aroun' all day, an'
wet

The little boys like me!
Edwin L. Subin.

STILL SAFE.

THE ST. BERNARD.—
You 'll soon be a thing
of the past, old boy; the
automobile is fast taking
your place.

THE PONY.—Mine?
Well, hardly! I happen
to be a polo pony.

LITTLE CHANCE.

"I see," said the first
microbe, "that some
more scientists are about
to investigate us."

"I wish," said the

second microbe, "we had a pull with some of those learned men. In
that case some of these investigations might result in a whitewash."



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HANDICAPPED.

"I lost ten on Hoodoo, Saturday."

"Yes? Could n't carry so much weight, I suppose?"

"No; — and he was carrying my money."

THE SPIRIT OF DISCONTENT.

WEARY WILLIAM.—De courts are run in de interests o' de rich.
Us fellers don't stand no show at all.

COUNT DE TIES.—Dat 's right! When odder chaps gets hurt on
de railroad de company pays 'em fer de damages. When us fellers gets
hurt dey usually pro-
motes de brakeman.

A MODERN TANTA-
LUS.

REV. MR. GOOD-
ENOUGH.—Wine is a
mocker, my brother.

FRAYDEN THURS-
TIE.—Right you are,
fer once, Boss! Look
at dem bottles a-grin-
nin' at me t'rough de
windy — an' me not a
cent!

ALL THAT most of
us want is fair
play, and we to be the
judges of just what
that is.

THE MAN who is
stuck on him-
self is usually quite
as unprogressive as a
man who is stuck on
any other obstacle.



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FINISHING TOUCHES.

MR. ISAACSTEIN-COHENSTEIN.—Vell, I 'm doing der best I can. Don't I
dake in all der social functions undt blay golf venever my rheumatism vill let me?

MRS. ISAACSTEIN-COHENSTEIN.—Yes; but ven it von't let you, you should
learn to shpeak of dot rheumatism as der gout.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 32d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

RED TOP RYE THE WHISKEY OF WHISKIES.

It's the kind old-timers used to make. That's why

RED TOP RYE

is unique. Ask for it.

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS, ST. JOSEPH, MO. CINCINNATI, O. Distillery: Louisville, Ky.

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Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

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We can qualify you in a few months to maintain yourself while learning to be a Mechanical Engineer, Electrician, Architect. Write for our new circular, "Support Yourself While Learning a Profession." Sent free. INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 918 Scranton, Pa. 200,000 students and graduates. Send for circular, stating subject in which interested.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore Md.

HIS COMFORT.

I am a kicker. 'T is my best delight To talk about hard times, both day and night. I kick, nor let my grewsome hopes grow glum E'en though prosperity's bright gleam should come. For all things change. The riches of to-day Must in the course of nature pass away, And so with joyous patience I complain And sweetly trust hard times will come again.

— Washington Star.



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SPRING FANCIES.

EDITH (cooly).—What is it the poet says about a "young man's fancies" in the Spring? BACKWARD LOVER.—Why—er—really—I—er—leave all that to me tailor, ye know!

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne has no equal for table use. Keep a few bottles in your ice-chest.

Through the sweltering summer months stand off languor and depression with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Be sure it's Abbott's.

AT VARIANCE.

"I shall not pay any further attention to these criticisms, until my accusers agree upon a charge," said Senator Sorghum.

"Have n't they done so?"

"No, sir. Some of them say I got all my money by holding lots of offices, and others say I held all my offices by having lots of money."—Washington Star.

AN ANGEL—BY THIS TIME.

WIFE.—My dear, little Effie is sick at her stomach and I wish you'd go to the drug-store and get some medicine.

HUSBAND.—All right my dear.

WIFE.—And don't forget to buy a box of candy for her to take afterward; she dislikes medicine so, poor angel!—New York Weekly.

WHAT ARE THE

"Club Cocktails?"



Drinks that are famous the world over. Made from the best of liquors and used by thousands of men and women in their own homes in place of tonics, whose composition is unknown. Are they on your side-board?

Would not such a drink put new life into the tired woman who has shopped all day? Would it not be the drink to offer to the husband when he returns home after his day's business?

Choice of Manhattan, Martini, Tom or Holland Gin, Vermouth, York or Whisky.

For sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

29 Broadway, N.Y.

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CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

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SARATOGA SPRINGS

Many new improvements. Appointments, Cuisine, and Service Perfect.

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BRIGHTON Silk Garter

A garter for the man who likes nobby, handsome furnishings and the man who demands absolute comfort. The handiest, best-fitting garter made. Best silk elastic in all colors, and in the newest cross-hatch patterns. 25c a pair, at furnishees or by mail.

The clasp and trimmings are perfectly flat, smooth, and almost unbreakable. Won't bind the leg nor tear the stocking. Can be adjusted in an instant to fit any leg. PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia.

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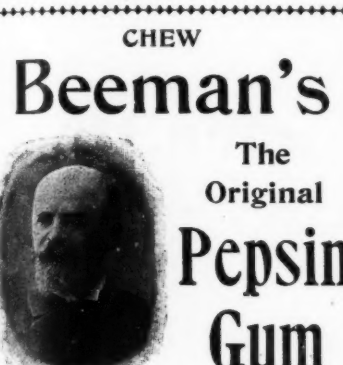
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Always satisfies. Herein lies its motive and merit. "Satisfy Always" is its motto. This is its open secret, and this wins
Universal Success.
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Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

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BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

FAIR WARNING.

Those Summer Girls the scribes call "dear,"
Now dot the landscape far and near.
Beware! 'T will melt your little wage
Their ice cream hunger to assuage,
And eke their thirst for mild root-beer.

Whene'er a shirt-waist doth appear
Take to your heels in mortal fear;
For by the shirt-waist ye shall guage
Those Summer girls.

Some call them butterflies. That's queer!
No butterfly lives throughout a year,
While these monopolize the stage
Until a most uncertain age.
Aye! most of them are old and sere —
Tho' some are girls.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

MARRIED MEN PREFERRED.

OLD EDITOR.—Where is Scribbler?
ASSISTANT.—Gone off to get married.

OLD EDITOR.—Well, I'm glad of that. He won't kick so about staying here nights, now.—N. Y. Weekly.

A WISE ENUMERATOR.

CENSUS MAN.—How old are you, Ma'am?

LADY.—S-i-r!
CENSUS MAN.—I beg your pardon; I mean how much younger are you than the lady next door?

LADY.—Oh!—Detroit Free Press.

AN UNFAILING SIGN.

WIFE (impatiently).—This new dress does n't set well, and I know it.
HUSBAND.—What makes you think so?

WIFE.—It's too comfortable.—New York Weekly.

SUE BRETTE.—You see that girl over in the wings? She promised her father she'd never be an actress.

FOOTE LIGHTE.—Well, she's kept her word, has n't she? —Yonkers Statesman.

"I DON'T enjoy my meals any more," an old fellow said to-day; "I ate up all the good things twenty-five years ago."—Atchison Globe.

PROPRIETOR.—This is the fourteenth time your grandmother died during the foot-ball season.

OFFICE-BOY.—Yes, s-sir! You know my father is a Mormon. —Norristown Herald.

THE reason so many people can always think of something to say is because they don't mind repeating. —Washington Democrat.

A WOMAN who thoroughly understands the male nature puts up fruit to prove it, instead of quoting poetry. —Atchison Globe.

THE world always looks upside down to the man who is upside down himself. —Ram's Horn.

LOVE may be blind, but the neighbors generally have their eyes open. —Star of Hope.

SOME people talk fair, and expect credit for being fair.—Atchison Globe.

People who take Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters in the Spring don't suffer from chills and fever and malaria in July and August. Beware of poisonous domestic substitutes.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury Conn.
Dear Sirs:—
I enclose a picture taken by me in one of the leading barber shops in this city yesterday. While awaiting "my turn," the old gentleman in the chair entered and asked if he could be shaved. Being told that he could, he asked what soap they used, and said if they didn't use WILLIAMS' Soap he would go elsewhere. He stated that he was ninety-three years old, and had used nothing but WILLIAMS' Soap for more than half of his life. That many years ago his face had been badly poisoned in a shop, where one of the so-called cheap soaps was used, and he had suffered agonies. He at once quit that shop and went to one where WILLIAMS' Soap was always used. Since then he had fought shy of all barbers who did not use "WILLIAMS' SOAP."
Very Respectfully, J. W. URQUHART,
Detroit, Mich.

MORAL: Protect yourself by insisting that your barber uses WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP. Accept no substitute from dealers if you shave yourself. Williams' Soaps are sold all over the world.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Glastonbury, Conn.
Depots: London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.

BUNNER'S Short Stories



SHORT SIXES
They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.
—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Runaway Browns
Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. —N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin.

Made in France
Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. —Detroit Free Press.

More Short Sixes
You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." —Boston Times.

The Suburban Sage
Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. —Boston Times.

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THE HAVANA-AMERICAN CO., Maker, New York.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

WHEN twins arrive at a man's house, the women he went back on, and did n't marry, feel as grateful as if they had been snatched from in front of a cable-car. — *Atchison Globe*.

Tossing, sleepless, on my pillow,
Morn'ing, with an aching head,
Nauseated, sick and suffering,
Sad I lay upon my bed.
To me came a friendly neighbor,
Ripans Tabules in her hand —
Just one helped me — more relieved me —
Shout their praises through the land!

Alois P. Swoboda teaches by mail, with perfect success, his original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise without any apparatus whatever and requiring but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body.

ABSOLUTELY CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION,

and revitalizes the whole body.

Pupils are of both sexes ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition individual instructions are given in each case. Write at once for full information and Booklet containing endorsements from many of America's leading citizens to

ALOIS P. SWOBODA,
34-36 Washington Street, CHICAGO, ILL.



THE old-fashioned woman used to point to her soft soap to illustrate her economy, but the modern woman points to three dozen chicken croquettes she made out of one drumstick. — *Atchison Globe*.

A Remington Typewriter

renders double the service of any other writing machine.



WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, New York.



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A NECESSITY.

MRS. GROGAN. — Phwat are yez lettin in de cat for, ye fule?

MR. GROGAN. — Shure, and don't ye suppose Oi want something to kick whoile Oi 'm walkin' th' baby?

DES A LI'L' NIGGER BABY.

Des a li'l' nigger baby, creepin' on de cabin flo';
Mammy say he des de sweetes' baby she ever know;
"Des a li'l' nigger baby!" Dat what all de white folks say
W'en he roll his big eye at 'm; — but, bless God! he come ter stay.

Des a li'l' nigger baby — not lak' dem de angels bring;
'Ka'ze his face so black I reckon hit would smut a angel's wing!
But his mammy, kissin' er him ez she tek him ter her bres',
Say de angels smilin' at him ez she rockin' him ter res'.

Des a li'l' nigger baby. T'ink we gwine ter sen' him back,
'Ka'ze his hair is short en kinky, en de skin er him is black?
Ain't he got de worl' ter live in, wid de light er sun en star?
Who will loose his a'ms f'um roun' us? Only Him dat put 'um dar!

Bless him! li'l' nigger baby, creepin' on de cabin' flo';
I so rich, wid him ter love me, I fergits dat I is po';
Lots en lots er purty babies whar de happy white folks is,
But dey 's none in all creation got a face dat shine lak' his!

— *Atlanta Constitution*.

AS A MATTER OF SYMPATHY.

"Don't you ever lose your temper?" asked Mr. Meekton's friend, admiringly.
"Oh, yes!" was the answer. "Sometimes Henrietta reads something aloud which she says is unjust and wrong, and then I get as indignant as I can be." — *Washington Star*.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

FIRST CITIZEN. — I haf attended der bolitical meetings of bot' parties for der past ten years.

SECOND CITIZEN. — Ah! You like to hear both sides?

FIRST CITIZEN. — Nein! I pelong to a prass pand!



A CONDITIONAL ORDER.

SWEET GIRL. — Have you any parlor shades that won't break loose and fly up all of a sudden when you least expect it?

DEALER. — Yes, Miss.

SWEET GIRL. — Well, I wish you 'd send a man around and see if he can't talk Ma into buying some. — *N. Y. Weekly*.

A STATEMENT PUNCTUATED.

"It pays to be honest."

"Yes; but that is a mighty low-down reason for being honest." — *Detroit Free Press*.

A GIRL CHILD will believe longer than a boy child that eating the crusts will make the hair curl; and this credulity is characteristic as she grows older. — *Atchison Globe*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

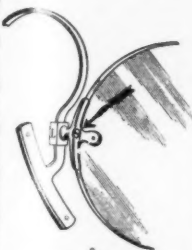
These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

True and Steady Eye-Glasses

Hold so that a joint cannot waver

LENS LOCKED SCREWS never give an atom.



**LENS LOCKED
SCREW**

Lens Locked Screws

Circular for the asking.

ANDREW J. LLOYD & CO., Opticians,
323 Washington St., Boston, Mass.



SEN-SEN

**A DAINTY
TOILET
NECESSITY.**

**SOLD EVERYWHERE
IN 5¢ PACKAGES ONLY.**

When a shrewd, cautious and successful business man selects a certain Insurance Company for the purpose of taking out a large investment policy, he pays it the highest possible compliment, and it is fair to assume that when such a man makes a contract involving the ultimate payment of hundreds of thousands of dollars, he does it with his eyes open, and after a careful investigation of what the different Life Insurance Companies have to offer.

This being the case, The Prudential Insurance Company may well feel proud of the policy written on the life of Mr. Charles T. Schoen of Pittsburgh, who has recently taken one of its 5% 20-Year Gold Bond contracts for \$250,000, the first premium on which was \$18,270. This is one of the largest investment policies ever written in this country, and its value as an advertisement to The Prudential is greatly increased by the character and reputation of the gentleman who bought it.

Mr. Schoen is the inventor and manufacturer of the Pressed Steel railroad cars. In his works at Pittsburgh he employs 10,000, and the payroll of the Company is said to be \$125,000 a week. The annual consumption of steel plate is no less than 400,000 tons; and it is estimated that 100,000 men, women and children make their living directly or indirectly from the great industry established by Mr. Schoen.

It must be conceded that a man who can develop and operate such a business possesses exceptional ability, and his financial sagacity is demonstrated by the fact that he appreciates the insurable value of his life and has made through Life Insurance the wisest possible provision for the future.

One may be sure that before taking out this policy he first satisfied himself of the absolute security of the Company, and then carefully examined the details of its contracts. Furthermore, he found it one of the most attractive investment propositions in the market.

Full particulars of this valuable policy, such as selected by Mr. Schoen, will be sent to any one upon request to the Home Office of the Company at Newark, N. J.

THE OLD SONGS.



O YOU remember, fellers, how, when you and me was younger,
And this old world was younger, too; back 'fore we got our hunger
Fer cowpon bonds and mortgage loans; when our idee of riches
Was struttin' in a flowered vest, plug hat and white duck breeches;
'Way back in them old days when short chin whiskers was the fashion?
I say, do you remember how the gal you 'd got a mash on
Would pound the grand pianner fort and sing? Oh! wa' n't that music?
But this new stuff our darters play,—say, boys! don't that make you sick?

You old tunes of the 'fiftys, gosh! I never can ferget yer;
I 'd give an X ter hear yer now, and think 't was cheap, you bet yer!
I mean same as I used ter hear yer played by Susan Mabel,
In her dad's parlor where they had the wax fruit on the table,
'Long with the pampas grasses, and the poetry by Tupper
That was as soft and sweet as the perserves they had fer supper.
O Susan Mabel! bless yer heart! I 'd never want a new tune
If I could set and hear yer sing, "Roll on, thou silver moo-hoon!"

Then there was that pianner piece, that "battle" one, that kerried
A chap right through the fight and stopped when everyone was buried.
The "thunder of the cannon," hey? Wa' n't that a winder shaker?
And them "groans of the dyin'" made yer want the undertaker.
Then there was "fair-with golden hair, under the willer sleepin",
And — — I fergit the second line; it ended up with "weepin'".
And "Billy Boy," and, "Not fer Joe," and heaps of "Starry Flag" rhymes;
But, oh! thank goodness! I can swear there wa' n't no pesky "rag times."

No, sir! there wa' n't; nor Irish gals named Grady and O'Rooney,
Ter tell about their beaus until they drive a feller looney;
Ner niggers that would make yer tired with cakewalk songs, or, may be,
Would raise the roof a-hollerin' that they "want their coal-black baby."
"I can not sing the old songs now;" some poet makes that fret him.
Well, that 's jest right; he can't, because folks nowadays won't let him.
And I know how he feels, poor soul! them words of his are true ones —
I can not sing the old songs, but dummied if I 'll sing the new ones!

Joe Lincoln.

ANOTHER New York society girl has eloped with the family coachman.
Why will the coachmen continue to be so foolish?—*Washington Post.*

OUR idea of a bright man is one who remembers in an hour of leisure the things he has been putting off to do when he had time.—*Atchison Globe.*



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AUTHORITIES DIFFER.

"Excuse me," said the first suburbanite, "but I don't think you pronounced the word correctly."

"I don't?" said the second suburbanite, somewhat nettled. "Well, I guess I ought to know. I've been living here and talking about quinine longer than you have!"



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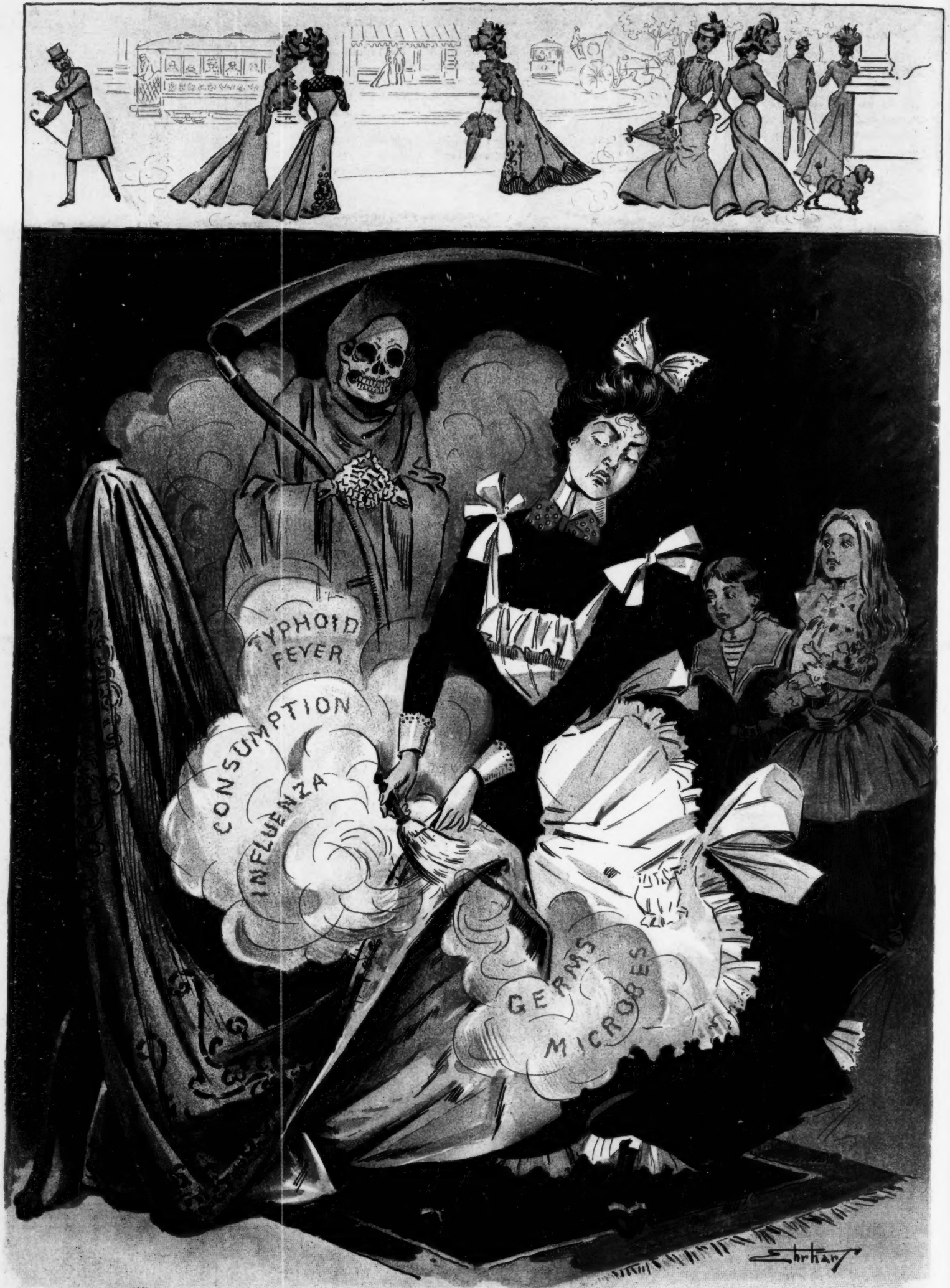
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